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ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, AUGUST 3, 1856.

New Series-Vol. 5, No. 27.

# Choice Miscellany.

### BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

It was a gloomy room in a crowded tenement house, low, narrow and unwholesome and a pale faced child was its only inmate. She was a confirmed invalid—you might trace that in her hollow cheeks and the strange, unnatural lustre of her large blue eyes; the flame of life was burning low on the altar of her childish being, yet here she was alone, in the old arm chair, in which she reclined with one pillow, and a rude pine box was the only support for her tiny, blue veined feet. There was no carpet on the mouldy floor, and in more than one place, door and window had yielded to the remorseless hand of decay, and presented a most dilapidated aspect. Yet all the scanty furniture was arranged as neatly as possible, and there were even some attempts at taste. as in a bit of gaily colored chintz spread over a child's footstool, and a solitary flower

beams could touch its emerald leaves.

That flower! It had been poor Katy's companion long. Its royal beauty and luxuriance seemed strangely out of place in the squalid low ceiled room, yet it grew and flourished as if in the velvet sod of Beldeme's steam. And little Katy lay back in her comfortless chair, and looked at the splendid rose which quivered like a ruby drop among the leaves, and watched the sunlight writing its golden message on the crimson folds of the blossoms with a vague feeling of wonder. It was so strange the radiant sun, whose glory lay on marble pillars and stately dwellings far away, should come to peep into her lonely room.

"Is that you Jamie?" said she softly, as the door opened and a boy of twelve came "Yes. Do you feel any better, Katy?-

Are you tired of being left alone?"
"Not very; but there is such a weary aching around my heart, and sometimes it seems all on fire. How cool your hands feel

"Never mind, Katy, I've been sawing wood, and sarned a whole quarter, and I'm going to lay it out in apples and oranges to sell down town. I'll make a mint of money, and then wont we have a good supper when mother comes home from work! I shouldn't wonder it we had a bit of cake and a bunch of grapes over and above the medicine the dispensary doctor ordered for you!"

Kuty smiled and shook her head as if in deprecating this piece of extravagance.

Yes we will, Katy," resumed her brother; 'tain't often we taste anything but dry bread and cheese, and I havn't forget-ten that it's your birthday, sis; you are ten thing to tempt your appetite.'

He bent down to kiss the marble ferehead as he spoke.
"How lovely that rose is to be sure! It's alone for a little while, dear?"

"Yes, Jamie. I don't mind it much."-She answered with a deep, weary sigh; "but ling look that we only find beneath the very shadow of death.

Down at the piers all was confusion and uproar—busy passengers hurrying from newly arrived boats—turbid waters dash-heavy basket of strawberries, came liumbly ing and rolling against mossy posts--swaying crowds, and loud dissonant voices, created a small bedlam around the docks and little Jamie wandered around with his and little Jamie wandered around with his board of fruit, feeling very lonely and be-wildered. He had piled up the golden oranges with their sunniest side upward; he had polished the red checked apples until they shone like mirrors; yet nobody stopped

"Carriage, sir? Take you to the Aster House? Up Broadway in a twinkling, mad-

am. "Eve's your 'erald, Tribune and Times .-PAINT, OIL DYESTUFFS, Latest steamer from Europe! have a paper. Poor Jamie! amid all this tumult, what

chance had he of being noticed! He had picked out the very bunch of grapes that he a gentleman to make sport of age and dis-intended for Katy, in Taylor's window, as he tress. Is there anything to jest about in my came by—a plump, apoplectic bunch, dang-ling from a crimson thread, where the sunshine lay full on the purple bloom, and the amethystine shadows lurked among its fulness of fruitage. Just at present the tempting morsel seems very far off to Jamie's

imagination.

Determined not to give way without a boldly forward to the first person he saw, and held up his wares with a modest, "Buy an orange, sir?"

In a dream. In an instant his hand was taken in the clasp of the great banker.

"My friend, my benefactor, you have for gotten me, but my youthful memory is and held up his wares with a modest, "Buy

Now, as ill fertune would have it, this possible customer was a fat, ill-tempered, pussy old man, whose cholor had just inflamed to tever heat by the inadvertant descent of a heavy nailed boot-lieel on his favorite corn. At all times he considered orange boys a nuisance; but just now slender s quota of patience was entirely exhausted. He aimed a muttered oath and furious blow at the fair haired boy, and rushed past to

PASTOGRAPHIC GALLERY! catch a retreating omnibus.

Jamie sprang aside just in time to escape the brutal blow; but it descended full upon his stock in trade, scattering apples far and wide! He was standing close to the pier, boy. and most of the fruit flew into the the water. ed the

> to his cheek and brow, and he shook his small fist impotently in the direction which the that man had taken. But in an instant h.m; no terupting bit of cake—no purple grap as for poor Katy—perhaps not even a supper—for he knew his mother's wages must go towards the rent of the room.—
>
> There is dead, and my little sister, whose last words were of your kindness, has gone, years ago, to her eternal nome. I owe everything to you, and now I have a favor to verything to They depended entirely on his exertions for their evening n. al, and the sun was declin-

Flour, Grain, Hay, Grass Seeds
Lard, Butter, Eggs,

The reflection was too much for his beyish heart, and he was sobbing violently,
when a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder.
He started up, and before him stood a pleasant gentleman, who had watched the whole

transaction.
"There, my boy," he said, laying a silver dollar in the boy's hand, "that will set you up again. No thanks; this money was in the boy's hand, "that will set you up again. No thanks; this money was in the boy of active and the set of the set "There, my boy," he said, laying a silver dollar in the boy's hand, "that will set you up again. No thanks; this money was intended for some piece of extravagance, and I choose to use it thus. But remember this, my boy, when you are pushed down in the working of grateful tears, the old man read the Scripture words:

"There, my boy," he said, laying a silver dollar in the boy's hand, "that will set you up again. No thanks; this money was intended for some piece of extravagance, and I choose to use it thus. But remember this, my boy, when you are pushed down in the soft mist of grateful tears, the old man read the Scripture words:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

and the second trade to the second second to the second se

was said the pleasantest and kindest expression that ever brightened a human face; but ere he could stammer out his thanks, the

gentleman was gone.

The boy started home with a light and joyous heart, stopping to purchase the cherished morsel of fruit and cake on his way. The gentleman walked leisurely up Broadway. Seeing in a book store the title of a newly published book that he desired to read, his footsteps involuntarily turned in that direction, but in an instant he went on, buttoning up his pockets and murmuring to himself with a smile—"Can't afford it; one luxury a day ought to be enough!" There was a vast difference between man and child in their capacities for enjoyment, but both were happy that night. The supper was a joyful ceremony in the garret room that evening. The grapes pleased Katy's appetite to a charm, and the story of the

ollar was listened to with interest.
"I wish I could see the kind gentleman," said the child carnestly; "I would give him my beautiful rose, if he liked flowers." She looked strangely beautiful that night. a child's footstool, and a solitary flower her head resting upon her brother's shoul-placed in the window seat, where the sunries, one by one, as a bird might feed her

"Why, how bright the color in your cheeks!" cried Jamie. "I believe you have been stealing the red shadows from our favorite rose. Mother, I am sure Katy will get well."

The next morning, while yet the golden spear of sunrise was in rest among the purple hills, Katy died. The moss of twenty years had gathered

upon Katy's headstone; the violets of twen-ty years had blossomed over her grave, and it was a glorious summer day, whose light streamed along the busy thoroughfare, and shone on the magnificent marble erection devoted to the extensive operations of the

celebrated Bank of K-.

A splendid carriage cushioned with velvet, and glittering in the sunshine, was drawn up opposite the door, waiting to take the great banker to his palatial home.

The spirited horses, foaming and prancing, could hardly be curbed, and the driver looked wonderingly toward the door, and marvelled why his papally punctual marker.

marvelled why his usually punctual master Mr. Arnet stood in a little office opening from the main bank, where the long row of clerks were bending over their desks. He was looking over a little pocket-book which he always carried about him, for some note or bill, and as he turned its pages, a bit of

folded paper dropped out.

The banker opened it, and although twenty years had deadened the first edge of his sorrow, the tears rushed to his eyes as they fell on the contents. A pencil sketch, rude and unfinished, of a meek browned child—a lock of soft brown hair and the years old to day. Besides, you need so we hing to put a shade of color into those dust of a crimson rose; those were dearer to cheeks; the doctor said you must have some the banker than his vaults of yellow gold. As he looked at them, a tremulous voice

from without arrested his ear.
"I would be glad if you would buy, gentlemen, for my need is very great. I have almost as good as company to you Katy, isn't it? Are you willing I should leave you "Be off about your business," was the

you see you are not wanted here?" "The voice seemed to strike a responsive chord in the rich man's heart; surely he had be back as soon as possible, please."

And her wistful, follow eyes watched heard its mild tones before. He partially him from the room with that carnest, start-ling look that we only find beneath the very "Mr. Walters, show the gentleman in, if

> into the private room of the great banker. "Will you take a chair, sir?" politely inquired Mr. Arnet, at the same time moving

forward a luxurious fautenil.

The old man, taking off his hat, said: "Sir, I fear I intrude on your valuable time. If you would buy some of my fruit -necessity, you know is strong, and poverty is extreme. I was not always in such a

Mr. Arnet watched the proud turn of that grey head with a singular smile; then sitting down to his desk, he wrote a check

and handed it across the table,
"One thousand dollars!" faltered the old man as he read, turning red and white in a He held it toward the banker. "Sir, I had hoped you were too much of

Not at all, sir. You spoke of a sickly daughter. I have a cottage vacant just outside the city, with fountain, grounds and observatory. If you and your daughter will occupy it, rent free, I shall be very

glad to have you take care of it for me."

The old man stood white and breathless

stronger than yours. Is it possible you have no remembrance of me?"
The old man shook his head.

"Yes, it is folly to expect it when I am so changed. Listen, sir," he resumed with a bright, carnest smile, "have you any recollection of a foriorn bey, on a crowded pier, whose little all was scattered by a rude blow? Have you forgotten his distress?-Have you forgotten that a kind stranger stopped to comfort him, not only by money. but by kind and cheering words?

"Yes, it is possible. I am that forlorn by. Your money, which that night supplied the wants of a dying sister with luxurie where it went bobbing up and down in the most tantalizing manner. A few apples rolled under the feet of the crowd, but it was impossible to secure them again.

Jamie's first sensation was that of indignant wrath; the blush run in angry terrents and now the time has come when I may, in some measure, repay them with interest." The cld man moved his pale lips as though he would speak; the banker resumed in-

to her eternal nome. I owe everything to you, and now I have a favor to ask."
"That you will henceforth allow me to provide for you, and consider me as your

ing in the west at cady.

The reflection was too much for his boytake you wherever you wish to go; but one son. My carriage is at the door, and will word first:

Word lirst:

He took a tiny volume from his breast, bound in faded velvet.

"This book was my dead sister's bible; it lay on her pillow when she died, and since that hour it has been my constant compan-

Gen. Butler on the Starvation of Prisoners.

At the celebration of the 4th at Lowell, Gen. B. F. Butler being called to respond to the toast, "Our Volunteers," said:

How they have fought! What battle-

fields have been rendered illustrious by their valor! What lights have been preserved by their consistency! What benefits to mankind by their success! How freedom to all men has been secured as a result of their labors! The pen of history has pro-served a record enduring forever. It is fit on this birthday of the nation

whose very existence is preserved by their heroic patriotism, in our joyous commenyoration, that we should honor them for their services and mingle our congratulations with theirs in praise upon the return of Would that they were all here to meet us

and receive our greeting. But alas! in every home by the mountain side, in the fertile valley, or on the smiling plain as in the crowded city, a fondly endeared husband, a revered father for whose coming orphans have hoped and wearily watching wept, or a son vainly waited for with the yearnings

of parental affection, shall never again fil.

In the far South, by the turbid river, in
the sands of the Carolinas, or on plains and
amid the Wilderness of Virginia, there are little mounds, fast disappearing under the tooth of time, which contain all that is left save our memories, to weeping sister, wife. children, bereaved mother or country, of our gallant, loyal, devoted soldiers, who have died that the nation might live, even so long as to celebrate as a people the return of this day with its memories of patri

otism and giory.
Would to God that the graves of these loved ones were all we have to mourn.— Death on the battle-field, or to those who fall by disease even, in the path of duty, has its solace where the cause canctifies and hallows it as the inevitable result of a strug-gle for liberty and law. But look once again! On a sandy plain in the midst of the pine forest, bounded by a murky swamp. dead by the bullet, not stricken by disease from the hand of God-starved to death the cruel torture of hunger, amid fat pines, which sang sad requiem to their memories as the Winter winds mouned through the branches, whose very sighing called up in frenzy the happy homes and

warm hearths of the North to the wandering minds of the dying martyrs.

Shall we do nothing but mourn and mingle our tears with the sorrowed bowed ones "Be off about your business," was the sharp rejoinder. "I won't let you in. Don't these so great wrongs? Is idle grief and these so great wrongs? Is idle grief and useless sorrow all the solace that a grateful country and a powerful people can give to the sorrowing sister, widowed wife and mourning mother for the brother, husband, son, thus fondly, cruelly, basely murdered. with the set purpose to deprive that country

Shall we take to our hearts and to our social and political fellowship the cruel jailers who did these wholesale murders by famine and cold on our brothers and sons, helpless prisoners of war, entitled to food tions!, human or divine? Not in vengeance, but in mercy; not in retaliation, but in precaution; not in revenge, but in prevention, that this thing may never be done again among civilized men, as it never has been done before by a savage people, shall these

butchers be brought to condign punishment. Who in all the world, philanthropist or politician, editor or historian, soldier or civilian has sent up or will send up a petition, that the keepers of the murder pens, Libby, Belie Isle, Millen and Anderson-ville, shall be pardoned? The undried tears of the sister of every massacred soldier de-mands their execution. The forlorn woe of each lonely widow cries for it. Heaven's justice, the silent agony of every bereaved mother mutely pleads that her son's mur-derer shall not blast her sight in life. All nature and nature's God by His Holy law has decreed that the brother's murderer shall not live. Who then shall stay the hand of justice? Who shall stand between these men and the penalty of the law? There is

But hold! Is there no answer for these prejudged criminals? Have they no plea to put in when so summarily arraigned at your put in when so summarily arraigned at your bar? Hear them in mercy and deal with them in justice. Hear them as they asswer for their lives. "We, the jailors of Andersonwille, Libby and Belle Isle were but inferior military officers. We did but carry out the orders of our superiors. If we had refused to do their bidding we should have been court-martialed and hanged. We were but the hands to do what the heads willed.—

The large Chicago.

The large Chicago. We but followed out the policy of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States, to deplete by starvation the armies of the United States, and only executed the orders of Robert E. Lee, Commander-in-tons annually, and appear to be inexhaus-lovely. Chief of our armies, to prevent reenforcehim? What kind of justice in your Government is it to shut us up in prison for obey-ing his orders and permit him to retire to his home in Virginia, like another Cin-cinnatus, returning not from serving, but ruining his country?
"Why visit all your punishment upon us?

were not educated at the people's expense at West Point, as were President Davis and Gen. Lee. We have never sworn fealty to your flag in selemn service. We did not hold, at the beginning of the war, high offices, civil or military, in the Senate and

army of the United States.
"If we were guilty of the death of your seldiers at Andersonville as subordinates,

If, then, we believe that our men were murdered at Andersonville, if we have not put forth a solemn falsehood to the world in this behalf against the South; if treason aggravated by murders most foul and numberless is worthy of death; if our sons The Volunteers of the United States and brothers are dear to us; if their blood has not been shed in vain; if our country for Army of the United States, as, with the exception of a handful, all the army were have been offered up, is worth the sacrifice of the lives of great criminals, then let these leaders-representative men-be executed. as a warning and example that all men may understand hereafter that he who aims a blow at the life of his country shall surely

> I give you, therefore-Justice and Mercy: both equal attributes of the Deity.

## Sketch of Schuyler Colfax.

The following is from the pen of Samuel Bowles, Esq., editor of the Springfield Republican, and one of Mr. Colfax's compan-

"As a public man, everybody knows about Mr. Colfax; how prominent and useful he has been through six terms in Congress, and how, by virtue of his experience, ability and popularity, he has come to be a speaker, and stands before the country one of the best and most promising statesman. He is not one of those, to whom distance lends enchantment; he grows near to you, as you get near to him; and it is, indeed, by his personal qualities of character, by his simplicity, frankness, genuine good nature, and entire devotedness to what he considers right, that he has principally gained and holds so large a place in the public arena. Mr. Colfax is short, say five feet six, weighs 140 pounds, is young, say 42, has brownish hair and light blue eyes, a childless widower, drinks no intoxicating liquors, smokes a ta Gen. Grant, is tough as a knot; was bred printer and an editor, but gave up the business for public life. and is the idol of South Bend and all adjacencies. There are no rough points about him; kindliness is the law of his nature; while he is never backward in differing from others, in sustaining his views by arguments and by votes, he never is personally harsh in utterance nor unkind in feeling, and he can have no eneagain! On a sandy plain in the midst of the pine forest, bounded by a murky swamp, there is a pit, filled with dead men's bones, unnumbered, unsoted, uncounted, unrecorded, unnoticed, without sepulture or the sacred rights of burial. By thousands not dead by the bullet, not stricken by disease from the lend, and men seem and mes but those of politics, and most of these mies but those of politics, and most of the mies but those of politics, and most of the mies but those of poli reading, writing, talking, seeing, studyreading. Writing, talking, evenie, study, ing—I can't conceive of a single unproperty of a single unproperty of a single unproperty of a single unproperty. He is not of brilliant or commanding intelleet; but the absence of this is more than compensated by these other qualities I have mentioned, but his great good sense, his quick intuitive perception of truth, and his inflexible adherence to it, his high personal integrity and his long and valuable training n the service of politics and government.-Without being, in the ordinary sense, one of the greatest of our public men, he is certain-ly one of the most useful, reliable and valua-

ble; and in'any capicity, even the highest, he is sure to serve the country faithfully and well. He is one of the men to be tenacious-ly kept in public life; and I have no doubt he will be. Some people talk of him for President; Mr. Lincoln used to tell him he would be his successor, but his own ambimakes friends more rapidly and keeps them at it." more closely than any public man I ever knew; wherever he goes the women love him, and the men cordially respect him;

# and he is sure to be always a personal favorite, even a pet with the people."

American Wonders. The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great Upper Lakes forms a river of three quarters of a mile in width and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 170 feet

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and eatch fish without

Mississippi. 2,100 miles in length.

The largest Valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains

You're not the man to be going back from your own word."

The Doctor "saw it" and Pat saved his tion to it. Rely upon yourself." 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe. The largest lake in the world is Lake

Superior, which is truly an inland sea being 430 miles long, and 1,000 feet deep.

The greatest natural bridge in the world

I left my birthplace at the age of seventeen; is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creck in Virginia. It extends across a chasm of 80 mother's garden are pictured to my mind feet in width and 250 feet in depth, at the with a vernal freshness. Teach your chil-

and a half millions of dollars. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania—the mines of He loves all that is beautiful and good, so

ments coming to you, our enemies, by exchange of prisoners. Why hang us subscribe can "institutions." In contemplation of them, who will not acknowledge that ours is ficient amount of money to prosecute all the a "great country?" - Phrenological Journal. | parties to the recent military execution in

WOMEN AND NEWSPAPERS.-Women

are the best subscribers in the world to newspapers, magazines, &c. We have been an editer new going on eight years, and we We have no doubt the first work the have not lost a dollar on female subscribers. They seem to maket it a point of conscientious duty to pay the printer and the preacher—two classes of the community that suf-fer more by bad pay (and no pay at all) than all the rest put together. Whenever we have a woman's name in our book we know it is just as good for two dellars as a pickayune is for a ginger cake. Besides, whatever they subscribe for they read whether it is good, bad or indifferent.— If they once subscribe to a paper, they seldiers at Andersonville as subordinates, were they not equally guilty as superiors?—
Beside, did they not bring on the war by their action in the Senate and army, and without them and such as they, would the war ever have been begun or carried on at all? Are they not guilty, then, of the death of all your brothers, sons, husbands and fathers on every battle-field, in every hospital and in every prison? If you punish not them and such as they, why punish us?"

And their questions are hard to answer.

These men, does not justice say, ought not to be hanged—at least alone.

whether it is good, bad or indifferent.—

If they once subscribe to a paper, they are sure to read it, upon the principle, we suppose, that if they bid not their money would be thrown away—as an old lady, whom we once knew, for whose sick servant girl the doctor had prescribed a dose of oil; but as the girl would not take the oil, she took it herself rather than it should be wasted. Hence we say, they are the best readers.

For these reasons we had any time in the world, rather have a dozen women on our book than one man.—[Reading Daily Times.]

## Influence of a Newspaper.

A school teacher, who has been engaged long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes the following: I have found it to be a universal fact,

without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are: 1. Better read, excellent in pronunciation.

and consequently read more understanding-2. They are better spellers, and define

words with more ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain particular knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the im portant places, nations, their government

and doings on the globe. oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction and

better language, containing more thought, more clearly and connectedly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspaper are always taking the lead in the debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with great fluency, clearness and correctness in their use of language.

# The Miseries of a Rich Man.

Rochester Democrat is responsible for the

following: Alexander T. Stewart clears one thousand dollars per day. Sabbaths excepted, all the year round. Cornelius Vanderbilt pleads guilty to double that sum, while William B. Astor rates his income at four thousand three hundred and thirty dollars per diem. Sleeping or walking, the latter gentleman finds a three dollar bill dropping into his bat every minute of the twenty four hours. He cannot sit down to talk with his physi-cian without having a little more wealth, if not health; he cannot unburden his mind for ten minutes without feeling the burden increasing in his pocket; and he cannot walk Broadway, however the weather may be, without meeting a shower of money. At every turn cash stares him in the face in the most insolent manner. Banks fling their dividends at his head; ruthless financiers beat him with coupons; unpitying and soulless corporations dump their filthy lucre at his door step, and contemptuous bill stickers plaster his house with greenbacks. One might inquire what the fellow has done to merit this treatment, and the only charge that can be brought is that he was a rich man's son, and therefore must suffer.

## Pat Saved his Stamps.

A physician was sitting in his office, up town, when an Irishman came in and addressed him thus:

The tooth proved to be a large double one, and very sore. The instruments were 4. Be cautious and bold. It requires and very sore. The instruments were brought out to commence operation, but Pat showed evident signs of nervousness.

"To be sure I shall hurt you," said the Doctor in a jocular way. "If I don't. I won't charge you anything for pulling it."

Pat said not a word, and the "To be London St."

"To be sure I shall hurt you," said the Doctor in a jocular way. "If I don't. I David Richards, a wealthy member of the London St." te the jaw and stuck like a Democrat to the

Constitution; but the Doctor tugged and pulled, and fairly lifted his patient from his chair in the struggle, who bore it like a martyr, "making no sign." At last the offending molar lay upon the table.
"There," said the Doctor, "did'nt I hurt

you enough?' "Not a bit, sir," said. Pat, "and sure you're not the man to be going back from

stamps. WORSHIP GOD WITH FLOWERS.-Flowers are the memories of childhood, which accompany us from the cradle to the grave. must have a steady head and a strong bettom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is 250 feet high and two miles in circuit,
The largest number of whale-ships in the world is sent out by Nantucket and New Redford.

With a vernal freshness. Teach your children to love flowers, and they will love some and all its inmates. Beautify the ground around your dwelling with rich folionage plants, and the bright blossoms of sweet flowers, and the faces of all who look upon the scene will be lighted with Bedford.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

smiles, while their hearts will worship the great Giver of all good and perfect gifts to man. If I could be the means of creating The largest acqueduct in the world is the Croton Acqueduct in New York. Its length flowers, I should feel as though I had been is forty miles and a half, and it cost twelve of more real and lasting benefit to my country than all the military heroes of the pres-

THE New York Daily News suggests that

Washington for murder.
The Columbus Crisis echoes the views of

Democratic party, as represented by the News and the Crisis, would enter upon if it was in power, would be the prosecution of every man who has raised his hand to put down this rebellion. Those who favor that project will vote the Democratic ticket.

Onders have been received at Nashville to muster out immediately all white volunteers, except such as Gen. Thomas may consider necessary for the public exigencies. The Fourth Corps is on the way to Lousi-

TERMS OL ADVERTISING.

Merchants' advertising, not exceeding one-feurth of a column at any time, \$15 per year. A half column not exceeding four changes. \$25. A column, not ever four changes. \$25.

II Advertisements not accompanied with write rections wift be inserted artif for bid, and charged a

### Higher.

Higher is a word of noble meaningthe inspiration of all good deeds—the sympathetic chain that leads, link by link, the impassioned soul to the zenith of its glory, and still holds its myste-rious objects standing and glittering among the stars.

Higher! lisps the infant that clasps its mother's knees, and makes its feeble effort to rise from the floor-it is the first inspiration of children to burst the narrow confines of the cradle, in which the sweetest moments, have passed forever. Higher! laughs the proud school boy

as he swings or as he climbs the tallest trees of the forest, that he may look down on his less adventurous compan-4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of abroad over the fields and meadows, ions, with a flush of exultation, and style in newspaper, from the commonplace and his native village. He never saw advertisement to the finished and classical an extended a prospect before so extended a prospect before.

Higher! earnestly breathes the student of philosophy and nature; he has a host of rivals, but he must eclipse 5. They write better compositions, using them all. The midnight oil burns dim, but he finds light and knowledge in the lamps of heaven, and his soul is never weary when the last of them is hid behind the curtain of the morning!

And higher! his voice thunders forth when dignity of manhood has invested his form and the multitude is listening with delight to his oracles, burning with eloquence, and ringing like true steel in the cause of freedom and the The New York correspondent of the right. And when time has changed his locks to silver and the world-wide is his renown, when the maiden gathering flowers by the road side, and the boy in the field, bow in reverence as he passes, and peasants look to him with honor, can he breathe forth from his heart

the fond wish of the past?

Higher yet! He has reached the apex of earthly honor, yet his spirit burns warm as in youth, though with a paler and steadier light, and it would even borrow wings and soar up to heaven, leaving its tenement to moulder among the laurels he has wound around it, for the never-ending glory to be reached only in the presence of the Most High.

# Wealthy Men's Rules for Ma-king Money.

Rothchilds says: 1st, I combined three profits; I made the manufacturer my customer, and the one I bought of your customer; that is, I supplied the manufacturer with raw materials and dyes, on each of which I made a profit, and took his manufactured goods, which I stand at a profit.

2. Make a bargain at once. Be an off-hand man.

3. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place. I have seen many clever men had no shoes to their feet. I never act with them; their adtion is easily tempered by the purpose to perform present duties well. He certainly "I think I can; sit down and let me look vice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on them-

a great deal of boldness and a great

Pat said not a word, and the Doctor what he called his own three golden went to work. The tooth was firmly set rules: rules:

1. "Never refuse a choice when you can get it."

2. "Cut short your looses." 3. "Let your profits run on." John Grigg, of Philadelphia, who effected no less than the entire revolution in the Book-trade of the whole country, says, "Understand well your own business. Give constant atten-

John Jacob Astor is not known to have had any fundamental rule for favorite maxim. Nicholas Longworth says, "One

heart. THE GREAT RULE OF CONDUCT .- The rule of conduct followed by Lord Erskine-a man of sterling independence of principle and scrupulous adherence to truth-are worthy of being engraven on every young man's heart. "It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth." he said, "always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust, the practice, of this parental lesson, to the grave. I have hitherto fellowed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point out the same path to my children for their pursuit." And there can be no doubt, after all, the only safe rule of conduct is to follow implicitly the guidance of an enlightened conscience.

JEREMY TAYLOR says, if you are seeking for pleasure, marry, if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man, his angel of mercy, minister of graces innumerable, his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels, her voice his sweetest music, her, kiss the guardian of innocence her arms the place of his safety, the balm of his heart, the balsam of his life, her industry his surest wealth, her economy his safest steward, her bosom the softest pillow of his care and her Possession of Ford's Theatre in Washing- prayers the abiest advocates of Heav-

Possession of Ford's Theatre in Washington will be taken on Monday next by the Government, which will pay Mr. Ford rest for the building until the meeting of Congress, in anticipation of an appropriation for its purchase.

OLD sailors despise steam vessels. They think they would rather go without port than have it through a funnel.

prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head,

WE saw a boy the other day borrow a stick of candy from a comrade to show him that he could pull it out of, his ear. He swallowed it and then twisted himself in various ways to extract it but at length informed his companion that he had forgotten that part of the trick!